

Phillips Brooks.

✱ A Sketch ✱

By his Private Secretary.

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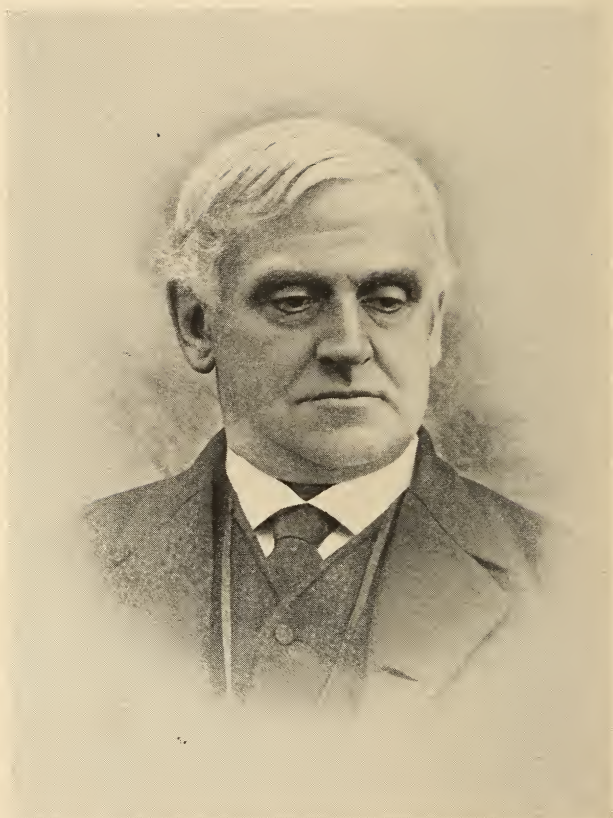
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Phillips Brooks

A SKETCH

OF THE LATE

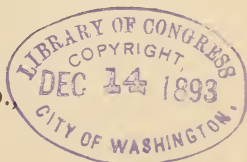
Rt.Rev.PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D.

BY

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY,
THE REV. WILLIAM HENRY BROOKS, D. D.

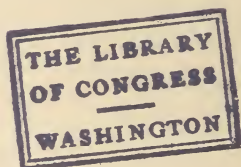
"His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore."
—*Ecclesiasticus, xlv: 14.*

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NOTE TO THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE two illustrations which embellish this little sketch of Bishop Brooks' life will have a peculiar interest to all lovers of the revered Bishop, both in themselves and in their relationship to each other.

The illustration of the house is that of his summer home at North Andover, Mass., where he spent many a happy hour of his life.

The portrait is from the well known "Andover Photograph," and was taken after he was elected Bishop of Massachusetts.

Sitting upon the piazza of this same Andover home one beautiful August day, engaged in conversation with one of his Clergy, the Rev. George Walker, then Rector of the Andover Parish, our artist found him and made bold to ask him to sit then and there for his picture. He laughingly consented to the request, and took a position which is recognized by all who intimately knew

him as strongly characteristic. Proofs of the result were shown to him, and he kindly consented to their sale to those who might wish them. This picture is probably the last he ever sat for in America, and is regarded by many as the best. A well known writer speaks of it as follows: "Many as are the pictures of Bishop Brooks, the one which will be handed down as perhaps the truest likeness of him, is that which presents him in his ordinary citizen's dress, and is known as the 'Andover Photograph.' It has the meditative and thoughtful mood which all will remember, and expresses the strength and the repose of the man."

PREFATORY.

[Note by the Editor of the GIRLS' FRIENDLY
MAGAZINE.

OUR late Bishop Brooks was to write an Easter Greeting for the GIRLS' FRIENDLY MAGAZINE, in which he took a hearty interest. Since, by the providence of God, we are denied that privilege, nothing seemed more fitting than that we should, if possible, have a sketch of the late Bishop from his Private Secretary, the Rev. William Henry Brooks, D. D., whose relationship with him, during the year and a quarter of his Episcopate, was so intimate. Although overwhelmed with work, Dr. Brooks has kindly consented to do this for our Magazine.]

In compliance with the wishes of many friends of the subject of this Sketch, which originally appeared in the Girls' Friendly Magazine for March, 1893, it has been enlarged, and appears in its present form.

W. H. B.

ALL SAINTS' DAY, A. D. 1893.

A SKETCH OF THE LATE
Rt. Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D. D.

I N giving this brief sketch of the late Bishop Brooks, the deep and abiding sense of the great and precious privilege I enjoyed, in holding to him the official relation of Private Secretary, giving to me the opportunity of knowing his purity of life, nobleness of aim, conscientious discharge of duty, and steadfast walk with God, brings to mind the words of the Queen of Sheba, with reference to the household of King Solomon: "Happy are thy men,

and happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and hear thy wisdom."

Like the blessed Apostle St. Paul, when he said to the Romans, "I speak to you, Gentiles, inasmuch as I am the Apostle of the Gentiles, I magnify mine office," he magnified his high and holy office, but not himself nor his intellectual powers. He had no high thoughts of himself, nor of his intellectual and spiritual gifts, nor yet, in a worldly sense, of the great dignity and honor of the highest order of the Christian Ministry, but he did have a deep and overruling conviction of the importance, the opportunity and the responsibility of

the office of a Bishop in the Church of God, and during his happy and blessed Episcopate of fifteen months, he made full proof of this Ministry, both in the sight of God and of men.

Obedient to the injunction of his Divine Master, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven," his light, clear, bright, and constant, was reflected from the Sun of Righteousness, and was shed abroad, for the single purpose of promoting the glory of God and the salvation of men. A dominant characteristic in his Episcopate was his fidelity in all things.

Like-minded with the "Sweet
Singer of the Temple,"

"Teach me, my God and King
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee,"

nothing appertaining to his high and holy office was so little or unimportant as to escape his attention, or fail to secure his prompt action; and therefore it was not strange that, according to our Lord's saying, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much," the more weighty and more important duties of his office were faithfully and conscientiously discharged.

A very large part of his time was

taken up by calls from the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese, desiring to consult with him relative to the maintenance, enlargement and prosperity of the work of the Church in their respective fields. Disposed in his heart to give himself wholly to the people committed to his charge, he gave them of his time, not grudgingly, nor of necessity, but as a cheerful giver. In the giving of his time, how generous to others, how parsimonious to himself!

When I said to him that he was so occupied with the duties of the Episcopal office that he had no time for himself, he replied, "I have plenty of time." When asked when

and where, he answered, "In the railroad cars." On many a day the stream of callers began as early as eight o'clock in the morning, and did not cease until long after noon. Most of the callers he received were by previous appointment; if, however, any one called who had not made such an arrangement, an interview was cheerfully granted by the Bishop, provided he had any time at his disposal.

Soon after his Consecration, I suggested to him that he have office hours, in order to secure some time for himself. His reply was characteristic, and worthy of a devoted follower of Him who cared last and

least for Himself. "A Clergyman may come from a distance to see me, and be compelled to return very soon. Not knowing my office hours (should there be such), he might fail of the accomplishment of his errand, and so have his journey to no purpose. Or a Layman, leaving his business to consult with me, not knowing of the observance of office hours (should there be such), might find his time wasted, and be disappointed of the desired interview. No, I am not willing to have office hours. If people wish to see me, I ought to and will see them."

On another occasion when some one spoke to him of the great con-

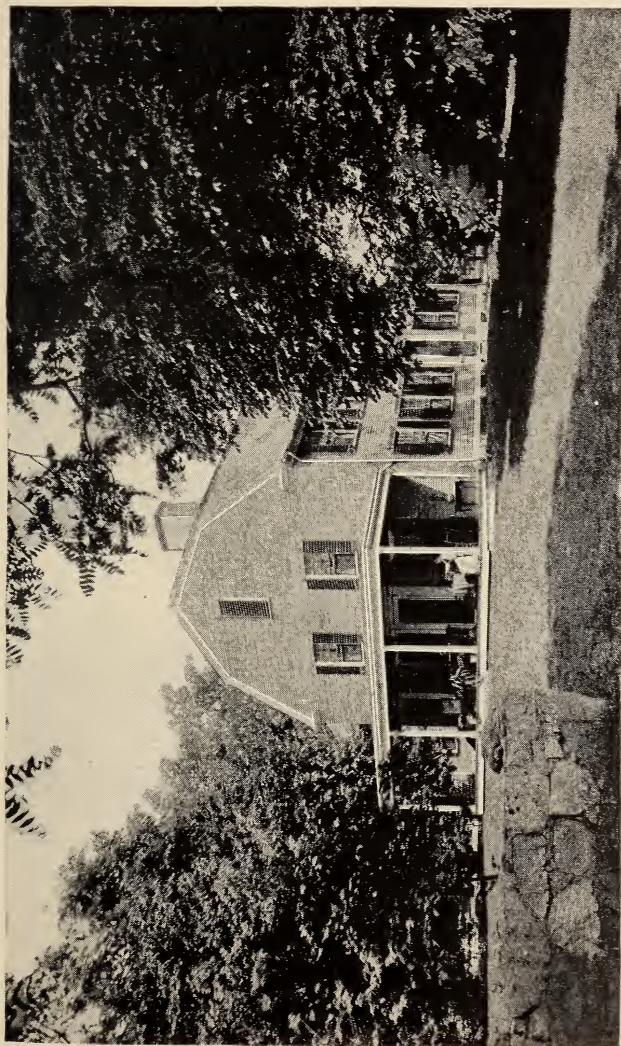
sumption of his time, in receiving the almost numberless calls of persons who desired his counsel and assistance, and the wear and tear of his strength which must follow in consequence, he replied with great emphasis, "God save the day when they won't come to me."

Notes — and their name was legion — pertaining to his work in its manifold relations, daily poured in upon him like a deluge, and would have submerged any other man; but in his case every respectful note received a prompt answer, always couched in a very graceful and kindly style, and written in a hand remarkable for its beauty and clearness.

The very numerous requests for information on all points, doctrinal, ecclesiastical, social and domestic, which came to him from all parts of the country, no matter how difficult of reply, nor how consumptive of time, were answered without delay to the best of his ability; and in those instances, where for lack of knowledge he himself could not furnish the information, he sought and obtained it elsewhere. Very many of these requests were such as might properly have been addressed to a bureau of information, and were an intrusion upon his time and attention. I can hardly conceive how any other man would have done any-

thing with these inquiries but throw them into the waste-paper basket, as having no claim upon him for an answer. But in no case where it was possible did he omit to furnish these inquirers with what they desired to know.

A young man in this city, wishing to obtain a certificate of his baptism, wrote to the Bishop for his assistance. All the information he could impart on the subject, was that he had been baptized in a certain city, in a foreign country, and in a *High* Church. There was something very amusing in the thought of his addressing the Bishop as if he were an expert in *High* Churches.



THE SUMMER HOUSE AT NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

He was powerless to help in the matter, and as his custom was, when he could not give the desired information, he came to me, and said, "What can you do about this?" I said, "I will do all that can be done, and that is, send to the young man a list of all the Anglican Churches in that city, with the names of their Rectors, and he will have to do the rest."

A soldier's widow in Minnesota, intending to apply for a pension from the General Government, wrote to the Bishop, asking him to procure for her an attested copy of the record in the Parish Register, of her marriage. The case was complicated by two very important facts, that the

Minister who officiated at the marriage was dead, and the Parish in which it took place was extinct. By his direction, inquiry was made, as to what disposition had been made of the Parish Register. It was found in the possession of a near connection of the deceased Clergyman, and a copy of the record of her marriage, taken from it, and attested by the Bishop, in his official character, was sent to the applicant.

The Bishop received a letter from New York City, requesting him to direct the proper person to send a list of all the papers and periodicals published by the several Parishes in his Diocese. This seemed very

much like turning the Bishop into a Bureau of Information, but with his infinite goodness of heart, and desire to help his fellow-men, he asked me, if, in his behalf, I could and would prepare such a list. It cost me many hours of labor, but I did not tell him of this, for had he known it, the list would have been unsupplied, as while cruelly unsparing of himself, he never failed to think of and care for me, lest I should be overburdened.

While he was absent across the sea, a letter came for him from a distant state, which was forwarded to him. The writer desired to know from him whether it would be possi-

ble to secure a position for herself in the house of one of the Diocesan Institutions, where she could have her children with her, and if that were not possible, if he could recommend to her a suitable boarding place. He sent the letter to me with a request that I would answer it to the best of my ability, and that I should be especially careful to explain to the writer that the delay in receiving an answer to her letter, was owing to the absence of the Bishop. What could be kinder or more thoughtful!

While these requests for information, unceasing and almost without number, consumed a large portion

of his time, and no small amount of his working power, there is one thought in connection with this matter which gilds it with a pure glory, and that is this: that in the minds of these writers, there was one man so large-hearted and sympathetic, that any respectful application for advice and assistance, if within his power, no matter how heavily burdened he was with the inherent duties of his office, would surely receive from him promptly and cheerfully, all that he could give. In this respect, no man ever complied more fully with St. Paul's injunction: "He that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness."

[An instance of this patient willingness to be bothered by trivialities once came under our observation. Not long before he became Bishop a story was being told that some one tried to sell him some cats, recommending them as "Episcopal cats." Two little girls near Boston were interested in the story, and venturing to write to Dr. Brooks to ask if it were true, received the following reply:

"DEAR MOLLIE AND LUCY:—The story about the kittens is not true, but it is not the kittens' fault.

"Yours truly,

"PHILLIPS BROOKS."

The Rev. William Lawrence, D.D.,

of Cambridge, tells another example of this admirable characteristic.

"Who is this man who writes this letter?" said the Bishop to a friend in his study awhile ago; "you ought to be able to tell me, for he comes from your town. He wants to know if I think it is right to play chess."

"That man," the friend answered, "is a poor old crank. There is nothing for you to do but to throw his letter in the waste basket." "That I will not do," was his answer. "He has written me a courteous letter, and I am going to return him a courteous answer, like a gentleman."

—*Editor Girls' Friendly Magazine.*]

In the matter of arranging his

Episcopal Visitations, nothing could exceed his painstaking care and never-failing desire to meet the wishes of his Clergy as to the time of his official visit to their Parishes and Missionary Stations. The rough draft of his plan of visitations, with its numerous alterations on page after page, shows that he cared nothing for his own convenience and choice in this matter, but cared only to meet the wishes of those to whom the several flocks in his Diocese were committed. His list of visitations for the year 1893, from January 1 to June 21, consisted of no less than eleven printed pages of the names of the Churches and

times for their visitations. His last Episcopal visit was at the annual meeting of the Choir Guild of Grace Church, Newton, on the evening of Wednesday, January 18. As we look forward and see the nine subsequent pages of visitations which God in His providence did not permit him to make, we think how it was in his heart to accomplish this large work, and this purpose will be forgotten by neither God nor men.

The Bishop was very deeply and warmly interested in his Candidates for Holy Orders, never omitting to keep himself in touch with them, both by personal interview and written communication. It was his con-

stant habit to admit no one as a Candidate for Holy Orders without having at the time a personal interview. The presentation of the required papers would have been all that is required by the canons of the Church, but he was not satisfied until an opportunity was had for personal conversation with the candidate about the great work upon the preparation of which he was about to enter.

The following incident will illustrate his very great sensitiveness as to any misgiving, on the part of others, as to his whole-hearted and steadfast loyalty to the Church.

On a memorable occasion, at a

large gathering of Churchmen, the Bishop made a most remarkable address, speaking strikingly and beautifully of Massachusetts, his native state, her scenery, her products, her manufactures, her educational and charitable institutions; and after paying to her a most eloquent and warm-hearted tribute, as one of her children, he spoke of the duty and privilege of planting the Church, of which he was one of the chief pastors, throughout its length and breadth. The following morning, when he was told that his address had given great satisfaction, and that there were not a few present the evening before, who were

surprised at the Churchly character of his address, he looked, not displeased, but deeply hurt, that any one could suppose him to be not firmly and devotedly attached to the Church, and said, "What did they suppose I had been in the Ministry thirty-two years for?"

In administering the affairs of the Church, its law was most strictly observed. Strange as it may sound, his strict adherence to the law of the Church caused him to be regarded and spoken of by some as "a stickler for the canons."

He always insisted on the strict observance of the law of the Church, *as it was*. It mattered not to him

whether the law was such as he approved of or not, it was the law, and nothing was to be done but to obey it, both in letter and spirit. On one occasion, speaking of some part of the Canon Law, which did not commend itself to his judgment, and which was frequently ignored, he said "We must obey the Law, as it is now; and if we wish it different, we must try and change it in a constitutional way."

While he did not undervalue the importance of Ecclesiastical legislation, he had no relish for this work, and would have been contented, had not duty required him to take part in it, to leave it entirely to others.

In a letter written during the session of the General Convention at Baltimore in October, 1892, he says: "All goes slowly here. The weather is delightful, the people hospitable, the business easy, — and I wish I were at home."

In administering the affairs of the Diocese there was an entire absence of the least trace of a partisan spirit. The Ministers and the Churches were committed to his care as a Father in God. He looked upon them as his spiritual family, and however divergent the views of any of these might be from those held by himself, this divergence never prevented him from regarding and

treating them with all the consideration, justice and affection which ought to characterize so high and holy a relation. In his intercourse it may be truly said of him, his heart went out to his Clergy as that of a father to his children. In a letter from Lucerne, written August, 1892, he says, "To-day I have had visible association with the Diocese, for I listened this morning to an admirable sermon from Mr. Pine of Marlborough, who is chaplain here this summer, and who gave us all his blessing in the Old Catholic Church where the American Episcopalians hold their Sunday service."

In a Diocese comprising more

than two hundred Clergy, it would be impossible that some of them should not say or do things that would not have his approval. Yet, during his entire Episcopate, when the affairs of the Diocese were spoken of in the freest and most familiar manner, I never heard him make a disparaging remark about any one of his Clergy.

In his intercourse with his brethren poor in this world's goods, he was especially kind and tender, feeling, with the "Divine Herbert,"

"Man is God's image ; but a poore man is Christ's stamp to boot: both images regard. God reckons for him, counts the favor His."

While his character was eminent-

ly robust and manly, entirely wanting in self consciousness, it also possessed in large measure, sensibility and tenderness. And it may be truly said of him,

“ Both sexes’ virtues were in him combined ;

He had all the manliness of the manliest mind,

And all the tenderness of womankind.

He never knew what envy was, nor hate,
His soul was filled with a thing quite out of date,

Called Modesty.”

His quickness of perception, amounting to insight, enabled him at once to comprehend and fully grasp any subject brought before him, so that it was needless for him

to spend time in reflection after a case had been stated.

One morning, when I came to the house, the Bishop opened the door, with a pleasant "Good morning." As I entered the hall, I saw one of his most intimate clerical friends, who had passed the night with him, about to leave. The Bishop turned to him, saying: "Here comes the Secretary, looking as fresh and smart as if he had not been up all night." To this I made no reply, but turning to his friend, I said: "The man who is the Bishop's Secretary, *must* be smart. I have been waiting a whole year to say something to the Bishop, but will wait no

longer. The Bishop is to pass the Christmas week in New York, and if what I say incurs Episcopal displeasure, I am sure that it will be entirely dissipated by the time he returns." The Bishop then said, "What is it you have been waiting a whole year to say to me?" I said "It is this: that you get at the heart of a subject so quickly, seeing its relations and bearings instantly, that I should think to you other men would seem dull and stupid." The Bishop said, "Have you been waiting a whole year to say this? I hope that you feel better."

As an indication of his generosity in arguing with those from whom

he very positively differed, the following will serve as an apt illustration :

In compliance with the request made by a clerical brother, I had given a written opinion upon an important point of Canon Law. The Bishop was much surprised at my opinion, and so expressed himself to me. After a very earnest, but kindly discussion, each failed to convince the other, and so it was left where it began, until he, while leaving the room, said to me in that spirit of unselfish generosity so characteristic of him, "I am bound to say that the view you take is the same as that taken by my predecessor, Bishop Paddock." What could

have been more magnanimous! On another occasion, at the end of a conversation with him, after expressing my views, I found that they were the very reverse of what he held on the subject, and said to him, "I am very sorry that I have said what I have just said." "Why?" he questioned. I replied, "Because it is not pleasant to me to differ with you in opinion." He then said with great emphasis and feeling, "This is a free country, and every man has the right to express his own opinions."

His generosity and wisdom in giving are strikingly shown in the following incident:

An officer of the Woman's Auxiliary was suddenly called upon to try to obtain a set of special instruments to send to a Medical Missionary, who was on the eve of starting for Japan. The call came too late for the monthly meeting, and in the urgent need, she bethought herself of consulting Dr. Brooks, thinking that he might suggest some one of his wealthy parishioners, or perhaps have some funds at his command. Although it was ten o'clock at night, after a hard day, he heard her not only patiently, but with real interest, asking questions and making comments. Finally she said, "A good set will cost \$100, but an in-

ferior one can be bought for \$50." He said quickly, "Would you send your son to the war with an old-fashioned musket, instead of a rifle? The man who goes to fight Satan in his strongholds must have the best appliances that can be obtained. Telegraph to Miss Emery to get the best set possible; and you shall have the money next week." When the check was received, it was drawn on his personal account, not from any of the Church funds.

His love and loyalty to his native country show themselves in a letter from London, July, 1892, in which he says: "All England is excited over the General Election, and it

would be hard for America to exceed the bitterness and vehemence which the contest excites. Indeed, I think that the more one travels here, the more he feels that, while there is very much to admire and desire in these English ways, the simplicity and directness of our American fashions of doing things are far more satisfactory."

In another letter, written the same month, he says: "I wonder now and then who is left at home, so much of the American Nation and of the American Church seem to be over here. If only they do not get infatuated with the old-time ways of this old people, so that they try to im-

itate them at home, their summer travel will do them great good."

The following extract from a letter of August, 1892, gives us an insight into the depth of his attachment to his old friends: "I am travelling with my dear old friend, Dr. McVickar, with whom I have wandered over many lands, and seen all kinds of sights. There is nothing which makes friendship richer than multitudinous experiences shared with one who is worth knowing and liking more and more, so that this summer has had a good deal of the richness of old summers in it."

In a later letter he says: "I spent yesterday in Philadelphia, among

the dear old friends whom it is always good to see."

St. Paul's words to the Romans—"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord"—truly describe his short but blessed work in the Episcopate. I never saw him unemployed. His active brain was constantly busied in thought, his hands ministering to some personal want or great charity, his feet occupied in errands of mercy to the bodies and souls of men, and he rested from his labors only when he had finished his course.

Our Lord and Master, "by His almighty power, can send to sleep His faithful servants, when the

work of life is done." His work was done, and "well done," and rest came unexpectedly to him in the midst of tireless service and unspeakable usefulness. "The Jewish doctors taught that the Angel Gabriel drew gently out, with a kiss, the souls of the righteous from their mouths; to something of which kind, the phrase so often used to express the peaceful departure of the saints, '*In osculo Domini obdormivit*,—He slept in the kiss of the Lord'—must allude."

His unlooked for death invests his last official act with undesigned pathos; this was to hand to me letters relating to the reception of a

Clergyman into the Diocese from another country, saying to me, "Please place these on file, and, later, call my attention to them." Three days "later," at 6.30 o'clock in the morning of Monday, January 23, A. D. 1893, after a painful illness, by which he was confined to his bed but four days, he passed from his exceeding abundant labors, eminently blessed of God, to the light and joy of Paradise.

It has been strikingly said by the late Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln :

"The place into which the souls of the faithful go immediately on their departure from the body at

death, and in which they remain until the resurrection of the body, is called *Paradise*, not only on account of what it *is*, but also on account of what it is *not*.

It is called Paradise, because it is like a spiritual garden or park, or place fenced off from common ground, and far more beautiful. And as, literally, the word *Paradise* meant a royal park of an Eastern King, and as the park led to the palace, but was not the palace, so, in a spiritual sense, the word Paradise, as used by our Blessed Lord and the Apostles, meant a blessed place separate from earth, and far more lovely than any earthly region.

Yet the park is not the palace; and though Paradise *leads* to *Heaven*, which is the Royal Palace of the Eternal King, yet Paradise is not Heaven. And as, in a literal sense, the presence of Eastern Kings was oftener vouchsafed to their paradise or park than to other places, so we are authorized by Holy Scripture to believe that the souls of the faithful, which are in Paradise, have a nearer view of the Divine Presence than they ever had upon earth, and are, therefore, said to be 'with Christ,' and to be 'in the hands of God,' and so are unspeakably happy; yet they have not as yet attained to the *perfect* joy of the beatific

vision, to which they will be admitted at the general resurrection, when the *bodies* of the faithful will be reunited to their souls, and which they will enjoy forever in *heaven*."

No longer did he need to get him "to the mountain of myrrh and to the hill of frankincense," — the means of grace through which we receive the aid, guidance and blessing of the Saviour, — for in the dawn of that winter morning, to him the heavenly day had already broken and the shadows fled away, and he was with Christ.

"To depart, and to be with Christ" was "far better" for him, "neverthe-

less to abide in the flesh" was more needful for us.

"Around him wrapt earth's shadows and
its storm,
With here and there a glimpse of purest
Heaven.

"But the morn breaks, a morning with-
out clouds,
A clear calm shining when the rain is o'er,
He lieth where no mist of earth en-
shrouds
In God's great sunlight wrapped for ever-
more."

I have not the heart to enter upon the details of his illness and death: the most sorrowful features were his intense suffering, and the indescribable void created by his departure:

they are best described in his own words in the following extract from one of his own letters.

“LUCERNE, August 14, 1892.

“DEAR DR. BROOKS :

“I am sorry for the news you tell me with all my heart, about your brother's death. Not for the dying — that is not dreadful — but for the pain that came before it and for the emptiness which it must leave behind in places which he used to fill. Those are the lamentable things about death, its incidents, and not the fact itself. May the great fact of Life, imperishable, ours because we are are God's, be with us more and more!”

The great thought of the continuity of life, referred to in these memorable words of his, was all-pervading in the closing hours of his earthly stay. Shortly before the midnight preceding the dawning which witnessed his departure hence, while waving his hand, he said "Good-bye: I am going home. I will see you in the morning." It is not important to decide whether or not he understood what he said. If he did not, it is more impressive and affecting, as indicating what was in his mind. To him, the coming of death had no terrors: in going out of this world, where at the best life is so incomplete, he was to be conducted

by this messenger of God to the other world, where he would enjoy life in all its fulness. "St. Francis, in that strange companionship into which he had entered with all nature, was wont to call death his sweet sister; and there was this, surely, of tender beauty in the term, that it was this sister Death who at length, would lead him by the hand to his Saviour, to be with Him forevermore."

Measured by the flight of time, the duration of his Episcopate was brief; measured by the continuance of its blessed results, it will be long, yes, forever.

Sorely bereaved as is the Church

by her deprivation of his never-ceasing labors, we cannot for a moment think that they ended with his earthly life, but are continued in the other world, with augmented consecration and power.

“When Death strikes down some faithful worker in the prime of his usefulness, the most terrible doubt that besets us, even when the pain of our personal loss is conquered and consecrated, is the doubt that springs from a sense of *waste* — of so much good material (as far as we can see) thrown away; so much latent power rendered useless, and worthy preparation made of none effect. We have to learn, in short,

the supreme lesson of immortality — that the divine forces stored in the real *life* of the man are stronger than death; that they are not wasted and thrown away when they are transferred from the visible and bodily sphere of action to the hidden channels of the spiritual world. The current of beneficent influence is not destroyed—only diverted, and re-applied perhaps with vaster issues than before.”—*Wasted Lives*.

Greatly revered Bishop, and dearly beloved friend, I cannot say to you, “Good-bye”—God be with you—for you are already with God: I can only fervently pray, earnestly strive, humbly trust, that when I depart

hence, I may have the unspeakable privilege of "going home," and "seeing you in the morning" which is followed by no night, and be with you at the side of the Saviour in the eternal Eastertide.

"How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints!"
—*Wisdom of Solomon, V: 5.*

Phillips Brooks.

Born, December 13, 1835.

Ordained Deacon, July 1, 1859.

Ordained Priest, May 27, 1860.

Consecrated Bishop, October 14, 1891.

Died, January 23, 1893.

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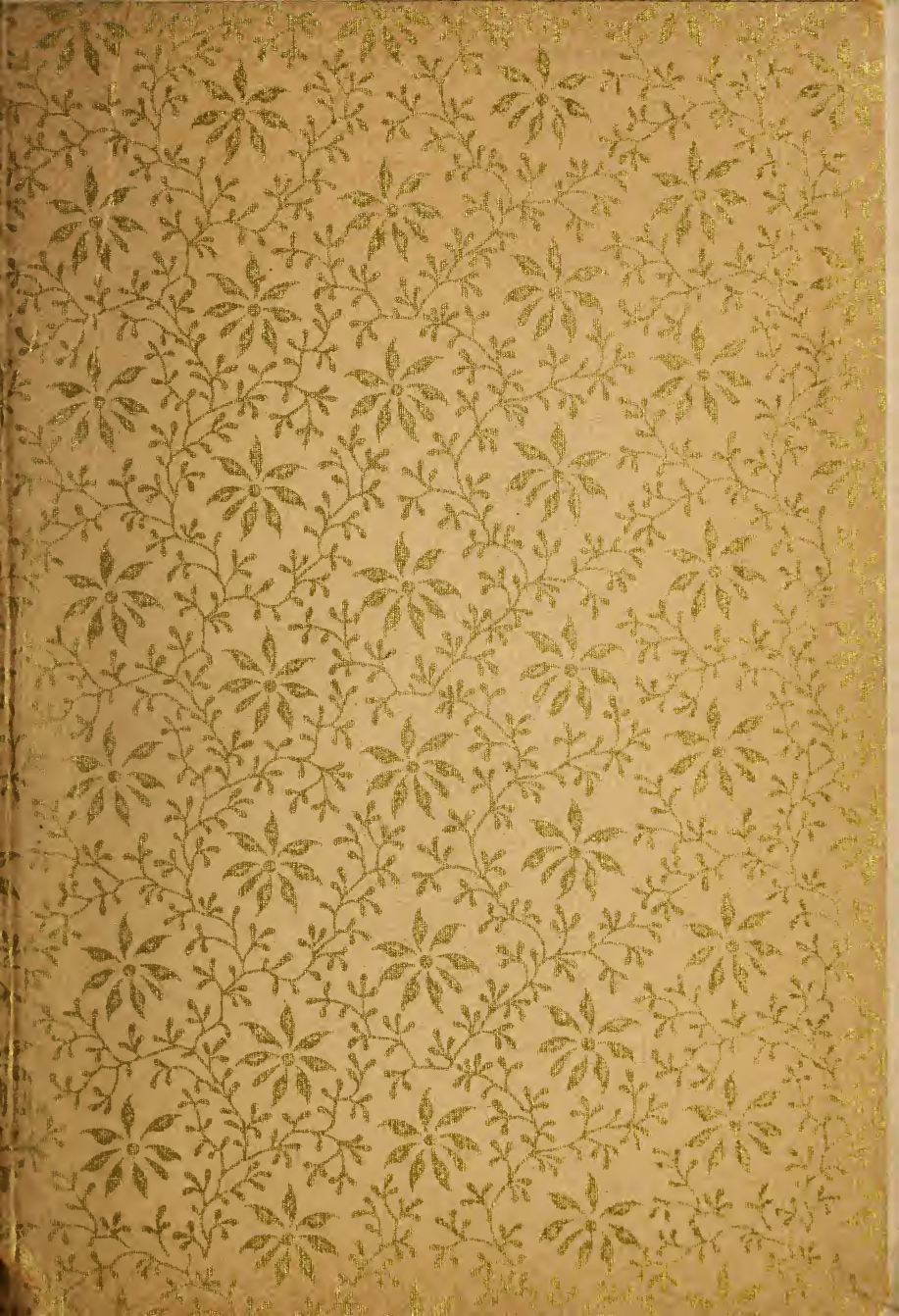
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